Are the riders coming? Through the dark? (part four)

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by Zigzagwanderer

Summary

Hannibal and Will have dessert. (End of this segment, parts one to four) Now moving on with the angst in this series, and, of course, finishing Tell Me You'll Wait For Me. And I have a prompt!!
Sorry for the delays-had a few Bad Days.)

“And will it do?” Hannibal asks, as he kneels. “Genesis, rewritten?”

The book of the mouth is closed. The towers of wax are failing. Their destruction brings the darkness down towards them.

The meat has been consumed. It has made an altar of Will’s tongue.

Now, his fingers splay backwards, leaving paths of red along the cloth.

Hannibal just unbuttons what he needs to. Silk which is drenched, under silk which is not, and under both layers, a silk which is different again.
The rest of Will is dressed; is waistcoated and tied in the fine things which Hannibal has bought for him.

“Yeah,” Will breathes. “For tonight. Another time, we can tell another story, make ourselves another anniversary, make ourselves another us.”

And we will die as many times as we are made over again.

As the poem leaves him, he shifts his hips and leans back.

Hannibal uses the wine to wet his lips. He rests his brow against a scar.

O scent of the sea, make salt of my body.

They could tell a thousand tales.

They might be a thousand people.

But the ending is the same.

As was the beginning.

Will shudders and knocks the candles to the floor.

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